LOVE IN A HOSPITAL.

She stepped with O what stately grace,
And O how wonderfully fair,
With morning sunlight in her face
And midnight in her hair!

I scarce knew, when that face had flown,
Whether it was or only seemed—
Whether I saw what I had known,
Or something I had dreamed!

And down the dreary ward by night
Our blessings followed her afar,
Like undulations of the light
That tracks a fleeting star.

With footsteps soft as falling snows,
And lighter than the summer air,
She passed the shadowy shapes of those
Who died in her sweet care.

O fate! should I unto my own,
Yet fold the face that on me beamed,
Ah! shall I find what I have known,
Or have I only dreamed?

—*Chauncey Hickox.*

THE LOST DIAMOND.

BY O. A. W.

Some years ago, I knew a lapidary who gained a considerable fortune by a great misfortune. An excellent workman honest as the day, Montin, had but one fault; he was too fond of good wine, which caused him to neglect his work—sometimes for days together, to the great dissatisfaction of his employer, who in all other respects valued, and esteemed him highly, both for his skill and probity.

One day Montin received from his employer a diamond of the first water to cut and polish, with strict recommendations to keep sober until the work was finished.

"I rely on your activity, said the jeweler on giving him the stone. "I must have it, without fail, on the 15th instant; and if you disappoint me this time, it will be the last you will have from me."

Motin promised exactitude, asked, as was usual with him, part of his pay in advance, and set himself courageously to work. Under his skillful hand, the diamond soon began to show forth its beauty; in a few more hours it would have been finished, when unfortunately for Montin's resolutions, a friend called on him, an old comrade, who had been long absent from Paris; what could they do, but take a glass together? Arrived at the babaret, the time passed quickly away, and Motin thought no more of the unfinished work.

During the morning his employer came to see how the polishing of the diamond proceeded. The concierge assured him that Motin had only just gone out, and would not fail to return directly, as he had for some days been working steadily and unremittingly. Only half satisfied the jeweler went away to return in two hours, and to find Motin still absent. Convinced he was at the tavern, the employer charged one of his men to seek him and induce him to return to his work. This was done, and Motin, grumbling between his teeth, quitted his comrade and ascended to his workshop; but his head was no longer clear, nor his hand steady. To add to his trouble, the diamond became unfixed; he siezed it hastily to replace it; his trembling fingers gave a jerk—and, by a strange fatality, the precious stone flew out of the window. Sobered in a moment by this terrible accident, Montin continued gazing out of the casement as if petrified, his pale lips murmuring the words "Lost! lost! lost!"

For more than an hour he remained almost motionless, and was only aroused from his lethargy by the entrance of his employer.

"Is it thus you work, Montin?" exclaimed he; "three times have I called for the diamond, and you spend your time at the tavern. Give me the stone; I must have it, finished or unfinished."

The lapidary tried in vain to speak. His tongue seemed paralyzed. At last he rose, and hiding his face in his hands, murmured:

"It—is lost!"

"Explain yourself. What has happened?"

"Out of the window."

"What! when!"

"The stone."

"Well, well, well; tell me what has occurred."

"The stone flew out."

It is now the turn of the employer to become silent with astonishment; then, furious with rage, he cried:

"I don't believe a word of your story; you have sold my diamond to pay for your dissipation."

This accusation was the coup de grace for poor Montin. He fell fainting at the feet of his employer; and it was not without difficulty that he was recalled to life, or rather to a despair which amounted almost to madness. The jeweler, who understood what was passing in his mind, tried to console him, and at last succeeded in rendering him more calm.

"It is a most unfortunate accident, no doubt," said he, "but it is not irreparable."

"You do not believe that I sold your diamond for drink?" said Montin, eagerly.

"No, no, Montin; you must forget what I said in the first moment of anger, and let us try to find a remedy for the misfortune. The diamond was worth two hundred pounds; and you must endeavor to repay me the half of that sum out of your wages, which, when you work regularly, amount to three or four pounds a week. With industry and sobriety you will get out of debt."

"From this time I will work steadily." said Montin, with tears in his eyes. "You shall see, sir, that though I have been a drunkard I am not a thief."

Montin kept his word—he rose early, and worked indefatigablv; the lost stone was replced by another, which was polished as if by enchantment. Faithful to his promise, he went no more to the tavern, and became a model of steadiness and industry. At the end of the year he had paid a considerable part of his debt.

Sixteen months passed thus, when one fine morning in May, having finished his work, he placed himself in the window, and watched the boats passing and repassing on the river which flowed close to the walls of the house. Suddenly his eye was attracted by something bright, glittering on the extreme edge on an old chimney. What was his surprise to discover his half-polished diomond! It seemed as if a breath would precipitate it into the water beneath, and yet thesre it had been for so many months, uspended between wheaven and earth!

This as the beginning of Montin's fortune. In a few years he became a partner with his employer, whose daughter he married, and he is now one of the principal jewelers in Paris.

The Era of Invention.

Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Edward Clark died at Cooperstown, N. Y., the other day, and left behind him an estate valued at $25,000,000. The reason why Mr. Clark became so enormously wealthy was that some thirty-five years ago he gave up the practice of law and went into partnership with the late Mr. I. M. Singer in the business of manufacturing sewing machines. Mr. Singer was a mechanic of an inventive turn of mind, who, by making use of—and paying for—an idea of Elias Howe, had produced a labor-saving instrument of great value. Mr. Clark probably furnished a good set of business brains toward the general stock, and the enterprise flourishde immensely. Mr. Singer died some years ago, leaving many millions and a large assortment of wives and children behind him; and now Mr. Clark goes leaving more millions still and a better reputation as a family man. But the fact we wish to draw attention to is that these millions all came from the discovery or invention of a process whereby the productive or manufacturing power of an individual was multiplied very considerably.

Just how many millions were made by men engaged in the manufacture of this one species of labor-saving instruments during the time that the main patents lasted. we have no data from which to estimate. Elias Howe, we know, made his princely fortune which after his death was mainly swallowed up in Wall street, while Wheeler and Wilson and Grover and Baker and other firms found mines of wealth in it. The sewing machine was a great invention, and now people wohder how the world could have got along without it as long as it did. The era in which it was produced was signally fertile in the invention of labor-saving instruments of numerous kinds, and it has not passed away yet by any means. Large estates throughout the country mark the ownership of the monopolies, secured by patent, in their manufacture. The mowing and reaping machines have reared monuments of this nature to those who were early in the field. Improvements in agricultural implements of many descriptions are included in the same category. Just how far we are advanced in this wonderful age of invention it is impossible to say. It seems as if there must be a lull before long to enable society to adapt itself to what it has accomplished. The character of skilled labor has been changed so rapidly that it has caused suffering among the poorer classes to keep pace with the process, though they are benefited by it in the long run.

All this labor-saving is money-saving. It frees energies once absorbed in one direction for employment in other ways, and thus the world was made richer. The service rendered by inventors is invariably paid for in proportion to its value, under the patent system, though it is to be regretted that inventors themselves do not always get their share of the pay. Whoever secures the temporary monopoly granted in the patent gets the profit. It is not strange under the circumstances that thousands of would-be patentees besiege the Patent Office, and that it has become a very important Government institution; nor is it strange that thousands of inventors die disappointed men. The occupation is as alluring as that of seeking the precious metals, and as disappointirg. The prizes seem to be numerous enough, but the failures are but very imperfectly known. The practical test comes in the amount of service rendered, mainly from an economical point of view. Thus a simple thing may be very valuable, and one upon which a great deal more time is spent may be comparatively worthless.

The sleeping-car, for instance, is a conservator of human energy, besides contributing to personal comfort. It utilizes the night for traveling without depriving the traveler of sleep, and thus saves time for those to whom time is money. Hence there is millions in it for those possessing the temporary monopoly in its manufacture and use. So simple a thing as a car-bumper is a fount of wealth. The air brake has made a mechanic a millionaire. There is a fortune in store for some one who can find a way for heating cars satisfactorily without using fire in them; as there is for any one who can devise a way for materially saving fuel used for making steam. To be effective these inventions must all be in the line of cheapening things, or of increased safety and comfort. The applications of steam and electricity have revolutionized civilization, and the personal estates that attest the successful experiments in them are correspondingly frequent. What Mr. Edison may leave behind him no one can tell, while if by any chance the Keely motor should be a success its potentiality as a wealth producer is simply incalculable.

But we are inclined to believe that the frequency and size of fortunes which have been accumulated from patented inventions during the last thirty years will not be duplicated during the next thirty. The Singers, Howes, Clarks and McCormicks will appear now and then, but not in such crowds. The mine of invention has been yielding most too fast to keep up the supply perpetually at such a rate. But if the boom is to continue let it come. We are so much the better off for it. It makes no difference how many $25,000,000 fortunes are accumulated, so long as the people get the *quid pro quo*.

The Wealth of The Rothschilds.

The two brothers, the Barons Rothschild, of the old ancestral house in Frankfort-on-the-Main, have made the return of their income for taxation. The younger brother, Wilhelm, or Willy, as he is called, appears to be the richer man of the two—at all events for the present taxable year. His return is 4,788,000 marks. The elder brother, Meyer Karl, on the other hand, returns only 4,560,000 marks. According to the figures rendered by himself to the Government, Baron Willy Rothschild enjoys a daily income of 13,120 marks, or over $3,220. An anti-Simitic print details the figures closely, and exclaims that this Jew is receiving 564 marks, or $140, every hour, $2.35 ever minute, and 4 cents every second. Four cents a second does not sound much, but there are 31,339,000 seconds in every year.

WHY is a piece of flannel like a dirty man? Because they both shrink from washing.